And valiant above all mankind—
yea, all
Valiant, though none like me !
I have let fall
The shuttle by the loom, and
raised my hand
For higher things, to slay from
out thy land
Wild beasts 1 See, in mine
arms I bear the prize,
That nailed above these portals
it may rise
To show what things thy
daughters did ! Do
thou
Take it, and call a feast.
Proud art thou now
And highly favoured in our
valiancy I

CADMUS.

O depth of grief, how can I
fathom thee
Or look upon thee !—Poor, poor,
bloods ruined
hand I
Poor sisters!—A fair sacrifice to
stand
Before God's altars, daughter;
yea, and call
Me and my citizens to feast
withal I
Nay, let me weep-—for thine
affliction most.
Then for mine own. All, all of
us are lost,
Not wrongfully, yet is it hard,
from one
Who might have loved—our
Bromios, our own I

AGAVE.

How crabbed and how scowling
in the eves
Is man's old age !—Would that
my son likewise
Were happy of his hunting, in
my way,
When with his warrior bands he
will essay
The wild beast!—Nay, his
valiance is to fight
With God's will! Father, thou
shouldst set him
right. . . .
Will no one bring him hither,
that mine eyes
May look on his, and show him

this my prize I